

January 30 1919.

Mother Dear:-

I am afraid this will be a rather short letter for this sure looks like my busy day. However I will write as much as I can and if it looks too short I will finish this afternoon. I got five letters from you yesterday and the relief I experienced when I found out that your illness was not serious and was of short duration was indeed great. It was so fortunate that the day after I recieved a letter telling of your illness. I got one telling me you were well. The latest letter I got was written on January 11th and I recieved it on January 29th – just eighteen days, which I consider is excellent time. It is the best time any of my mail has made to date and if it keeps up that way I surely can't complain.

I was sorry to read that you had to borrow some money from the bank. I wonder if the M.O. I sent you this month has reached you yet. It doesn't make much difference though for I

will soon be home to relieve you of your financial responsibilities. I am sure you will be as glad of that as I am myself. I know that you will be glad to be relieved of all the unusual responsibility – and worry that has been yours since I left home. I tell you dear I will never cease to marvel that you have done as wonderfully well and I am so proud of you I don't know what to do.

The snow is nearly gone again. It still feels a little wintry but does not look so. It is assuredly a wild climate and a beautiful country and it is a crime and a pity that it is inhabited by such a race of savages. Things are very quiet around here in spite of the fact we are in an enemy country but there is a strong undercurrent of hostility which is easily noticeable. And still the whole Third Army remains homesick.

Our new Commanding Officer is going to be a good one. Already

I like him much better than either one of his predecessors. It is going to be a pleasure to work with him. Last night Rosy and Jack and I went down to a prize fight at the Club. It was a good show, of six hot bouts and we enjoyed it a lot. There were several celebrities there, including Major General Dickman and the Prince of Wales. The place was packed but we had wonderful seats. After the fight we played three games of billiards and I beat Rosy two games. Either I am improving a lot or he is getting a lot worse. I am strongly inclined to believe it is the latter. It is hard – Oh! so hard – to wait – wait – wait, for the orders we want so badly. The time drags so slowly and we are so restless. It is bound to end sometime though isn't it dear?

I am afraid dearest that I won't get to Paris unless it is on my way home. I am not going to take a leave. I don't want one and am not going to spend

the money for it. By the way – although my commission as Captain was dated in September it was November 1st before I accepted it and my Captain's pay starts from late of acceptance, not date of commission. So I lost all of that amount on account of the delay in getting the news over to me.

Well Honey, I must close now. I will write more tomorrow. I love you dear girl. Give my love and kisses to all my loved ones. I will be glad when I can give them myself. Be brave and patient, and love your

Daddy

Ansel B. Smith Capt. M.C.

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